$1.50 " year

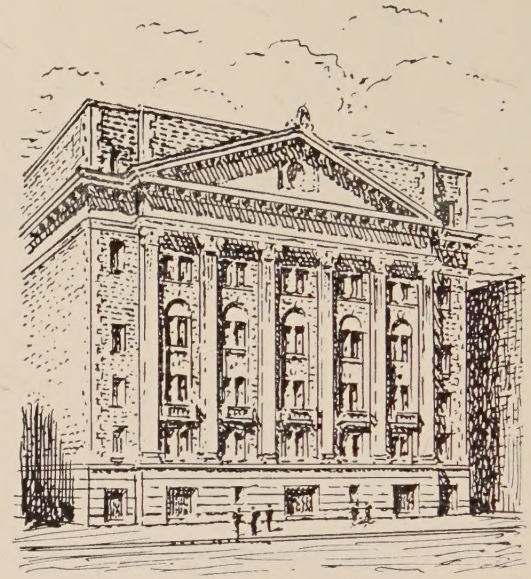
NOVEMBER, 1945

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Because I have been given much,
I, too, shall give;
Because of thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.

(From Grace Noll Crowell's "Thy Great Bounty")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXII **November, 1945** *Number 8*

HOW TO GAIN HAPPINESS

1. KNOW THYSELF THOROUGHLY FIRST.
2. BE THYSELF.
3. BELIEVE IN THYSELF.
4. BELIEVE IN OTHERS.

Put yourself under the microscope of yourself first before you do another thing.

Be your true self, under all conditions and you will find creeping into yourself a sense of poise, of peace and of mastery. You are you, and nobody else.

NO ONE, ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME, IS EVER A COMPLETE FAILURE UNTIL HE ADMITS IT HIMSELF.

Respect others, have confidence in them, believe in them.

These four things will start you off on the way to happiness—your right. How do I know? Ah, how do I know? I have tried them and THEY WORK!

Heart of Love, clear the way to every heart. Bring happiness and love to all people of every color, and creed. May we all, in this moment, walk up together in the garden of Thy love where there is no hate, no prejudice, no jealousy, no envy, just sunlight, song and laughter and beauty. Bathe our souls in that beauty.

From Dr. Bradley's Book, "My Daily Strength."

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"THE WORDS OF JESUS"

✦ ✦ ✦

A beautiful Bible Format
Genuine Leather—Colored Illustrations

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING NIGHT
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES
NOVEMBER 4th, 7:30 P.M.

✦

OPENING NIGHT
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7th, 8:00 P.M.

✦

BOOK LECTURE LIST FOR NOVEMBER

Nov. 7—"The World, The Flesh and Father Smith" by B. Marshall
Nov. 14—"Cass Timberlane" by Sinclair Lewis
Nov. 21—"The German Talks Back" by Heinrich Hauser
Nov. 28—"Our Inner Conflicts" by Karen Horney, M.D.

✦

THANKSGIVING

MORNING COMMUNITY SERVICE
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1945
11:00 to 12:00

This is a day when every American should attend the church of his choice with a grateful heart. Plan to bring your family and your guests to Church for this one hour of prayer and Thanksgiving. Dr. Bradley will deliver a short address. The service will be dismissed promptly at 12 noon.

In Conference with Pres. General Federation at Opening Luncheon of Woman's Club of the Peoples Church at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, October 8th. (Standing, left to right): Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hon. Pres. Woman's Club of The Peoples Church; Mrs. George L. Lehle, Pres. Ninth Dist. I.F.W.C. (Seated, left to right): Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Pres. Woman's Club of The Peoples Church; Mrs. LaFell Dickinson, Pres. General Federation Women's Clubs and Mrs. Theodore S. Chapman, Pres. I.F.W.C.

Woman's Club Opens Auspiciously

A VERY unexpected and happy surprise came to the Woman's Club at its Opening Luncheon at Edgewater Beach Hotel on October 8, when Mrs. LaFell Dickinson, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., attended the luncheon with Mrs. Theo. S. Chapman, newly elected President of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, who had been invited as guest of honor.

It is a rare occasion when a Woman's Club has the honor of entertaining its National president and State president, and all present greeted these distinguished visitors with warm appreciation.

Other guests at the speakers' table were Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hon. Pres. of the Woman's Club; Mrs. Geo. L. Lehle, Pres. of the Ninth District; Mrs. Walter Hermsdorf, State Chairman of Rehabilitation; Mrs. LeRoy Simpson, State Program Chairman; Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Pres. Professional and Business Woman's Club, and Mrs. Roberta Slagle, Faculty Member of The Uptown Players Center of Allied Arts.

At the close of the luncheon Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Program Chairman, introduced Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker, who in his powerful and forceful manner urged the importance of America's understanding and helping the hungry and homeless people in the war-torn areas of the world, as the surest and best way to a lasting peace. Every year Dr. Bradley officially opens the season for the Woman's Club, and the inspiration of his message sets the pace which results in the splendid record of this club's achievements each year.

Glenn Most, Bass Baritone, was the guest artist and gave several favorite selections.

Mrs. Wyllys Hagen, President, introduced the several guests of honor, each of whom gave a brief summary of objectives for the coming year.

Mrs. Dickinson spoke of the responsibilities of club women in serving humanity in foreign lands, as well as helping to make the General Federation's Youth Conservation program a vital force toward keeping America a strong nation.

Mrs. Chapman stressed the necessity of working as hard for peace as for war, and pleaded for the uninterrupted continuance of the program for rehabilitation. She stated that youth is America's most precious possession and that a program for Youth Conservation in all of its phases would be one of the major post-war projects for the club women of Illinois. As one of the definite projects in this direction, plans are being made to build a cottage for underprivileged boys at Michael, Illinois, as a part of a non-sectarian home similar to Father Flanagan's Boys Town.

After hearing brief discussions by the other guests, announcements were made of coming events, one of these being the Church Bazaar on December 6 and 7.

Mrs. Ella Kredler, Vice-President, who was chairman of the luncheon arrangements, was introduced and received an appreciative expression for the success of the luncheon.

Our Woman's Club of The Peoples Church and one other are the only church clubs belonging to the Federation, and at the time of our joining the Federation, was the only church club holding membership in it.

Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, President.

"RELIGION ON THE AIR"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

I HAVE written seven books and and I am going to write another one. I don't know when I will get it finished, probably not for years; I hope not, because the book is a book which cannot be finished until I am finished, and I am going to call it "My Radio Experiences," unless you can tell me of a better name. Today the Peoples Church of Chicago is commemorating nearly twenty-two years of continuous broadcasting, every Sunday of our Church year. Twenty-two years of radio, and Oh, the experiences I have had! I don't know whether I can get it all into one book or not. I remember so well the timidity of our Board of Directors when a radio station, which has ceased to be, in the City of Chicago, one that some of the older listeners will remember—WQJ—when old WQJ came to me and said, "Doctor Bradley, would you give any consideration to the broadcasting of your church service?" Well, there wasn't any religion on the air then, except one church, and that was the "Shadyside Presbyterian Church" of Pittsburgh, which was on the air three months before this Church, over KDKA, Pittsburgh. I took the matter up with my Board and without exception—and some members of that Board are in the congregation this morning—without exception, every member of that Board said to me, "Doctor Bradley, I don't think we had better do it," and I said, "Why?" I always listen to them, and I said, "Well, let's talk it out and talk it over."

What a wonderful thing it would be for the world and its trouble, and the nation, if people would talk things over more before trouble starts and not wait until we are in trouble and the start to talk things over. Every wa ends at a table, not on a battlefield– that is where wars end, at a tabl sooner or later. The people who engag in every war have to sit down at table and talk things over. Every strik ends at a table sooner or later. All i terests involved have to sit down at table sooner or later, and what a mag nificent and revolutionary change technique, and how much finer the r sults that would obtain, if we woul sit down at a table *first* and see or another's points of view and argue ou each other's positions. That is wh ladies and gentlemen, I have almo come to the place where I am begi ning to believe in compulsory arbitra tion. I don't think there is anythin fundamentally the matter with it. B fore there can be any strike or befo there can be a war let us insist on th possibilities of exhausting the princip of arbitration, because these peop represent such a small minority com pared to the rest of us. One person wh is nearly always left out in the cold a the way through in all the difficul and trouble is the fellow who final has to pay the bills, and that is th PUBLIC. The interests of the publ and the people are primary, and tho interests precede the interest of an special group in society, be that grou labor or capital; and the one thing th labor had better make up its mind in this country is this: that there is point of saturation of the patience the people. THE PEOPLE! Not th people who are directly involved concerned in the question of profit, n people directly involved or concern in the question of wage scales, but th

great mass of humanity are involved, and their patience may become exhausted, if these groups are not careful, and then that patience, exhausted, immediately creates something called "Public Opinion," and there is not a capitalist, nor an industrialist, nor a workman in the United States who is powerful enough to defeat the final influence of an outraged public opinion, for that public opinion will express itself vocatively and effectively in the Halls of the United States Congress. That's where public opinion goes, for those congressmen are more receptive to public opinion than to any other influence in their lives. Labor is watching out for any legislative program that may take away from labor in the United States of America any one of its social gains of the last twenty-five years. And capital, worried seriously and rightly so, about the tendency of modern legislative action in regard to capital, may find itself too under some form of state capitalism for America, *AND THAT IS THE BEGINNING OF AN AMERICAN DICTATORSHIP!* Now, that's the issue! That's the thing we want to avoid!

. . . I sat down with my Board about the radio—I had quite a time in convincing those men that we had better broadcast, and when the arguments were all summed up it resolved itself to this: "Doctor Bradley, we are afraid, if we broadcast the service, no one will come to the Church." They were quite honest and quite sincere and they had me a little worried, because I never use any notes when I preach or lecture, never have anything written down. I don't know where I am going when I begin a sermon; it all depends on you. It always takes two to make a great sermon. A large congregation does not do it, but a *great* congregation. There is a difference between being "great" and being "large." A great many "large" people are not great, and a great many little people are. I am not talking about largeness of size, I am speaking about greatness; they are not synonymous, and I depend upon you. It takes a great congregation. Come to think about it, do you know, that is why we have so many great sermons in The Peoples Church of Chicago? It is because you are great, you bring inspiration to me, you light the fagots, you are great, not the preacher.

. . . The Board had me a little bit worried about it, and I said, "Well, anyway, let's try." Those days we were meeting in the Pantheon Theater where we met for many years, and every Sunday morning I would go into that pulpit and, oh, if I saw an empty seat anywhere my heart would sink a little and say, "They are right, they are right." I was thinking that the success and opportunity of radio was involved in how many people came personally to our Church.

Well, it didn't take long until the letters started coming from elderly people who could not face the severity of the Chicago winter and could not get out to their own churches. It did not take long until my mail became a cross-section of American life—then we started to see the great opportunity which radio afforded! With the realization of that opportunity, it did something to me; it was between God and myself and no one else, and I never went into this pulpit, or realized I was speaking into an open microphone where people were listening by the thousands and thousands—because you know this broadcast under the Hooper Poll, which is the most authoritative poll of radio, gives this service the highest percentage of listeners of any religious broadcast on any Chicago station, by anyone, at anytime. This service holds the Hooper Poll rating

for a listening audience and I never come before this open microphone without breathing this little prayer: "O God, let me say something, or let something happen today so that when the service is all over, each person who has listened can take a deep breath, put his shoulders back a little farther, lift up his head a little higher, and say, 'Well, I guess things are not as bad as I thought they were.'" That is my prayer. I am not interested in establishing any creed, I am not interested in any theological arguments, I am not interested in anything that divides people. I think one of the finest definitions of religion which I know is a definition given by a man whom you would least given by a man from whom you would least expect it, George Bernard Shaw. With his scintillating, penetrative and courageous mind, George Bernard Shaw was asked, "What is religion?" and he said, "Anything which units people." I never heard a better definition—"Anything which unites people."

That is why we smile a little bit once in a while here in this Church. Sometimes we have been known to laugh right out loud. I know of a case where a dear little old lady walked out of the Church and said, "I am never going in that church again!" Her face was thin and her nose was pointed and her chin was tight, and she said, "I am never going into that church again." When the usher told me about it, I said, "What did you say?" "Why, I invited her back." "And what did she say?" "That she would never come back again because they laughed."

I may be all wrong. I don't know, I may be all wrong. Perhaps I am, but if there is one person who has a right to laugh and laugh out loud, it is a person who is right with the world and his fellowmen, and if there is one place where joy and happiness and laughter and light and love ought to be at home, it is in the church. That has been tl trouble with the church right along. has been a sort of sepulchre, a maus leum, and there has been a hush and suppression. That is why the taver are filled, and the cabarets are fat, an the ball games are overcrowded. Why Because the church has given the dev all of the good tunes, and good musi and most of the light, and the peop want to get away for a little while an relax, and forget, forget. I don't mea that religion is a substitute, not at al but I mean that it should be full of li and laughter and should be winsom and lovely, and I never apologize, an never will (and it is too late to sta now), to anybody, or anything, b cause they smile in The Peoples Churc of Chicago, or laugh right out lou When I think of some of the sermon which I have preached, and some the things which I have said and don I am surprised that you don't laug more than you do.

L. P. Jacks wrote "The Lost Ra diance of Religion" and if we ca recapture the sparkle and beauty an radiance and loveliness of religion, yo will never have to worry about havin people to preach to; you will neve have to worry about having peop come to hear you preach.

There are just two things I want t say about it all and these two thing are in the form of two questions, fro radio friends this week. First: "Doct Bradley, from your point of vie would you tell us what experience yo have had in radio, that has done mo for you than any other experience? That I can tell easily and quickl Without any doubt, the experience th I have had (and it is one of many sim lar experiences) which stands out s preme and has done more to me as person than any other experience, the experience which I first had son years ago, and which was repeated la

unday afternoon when I was on my ay to speak last Sunday evening in he auditorium in Freeport, Illinois. ny time I can get within 30 or 40 iles of Belvidere, Illinois, I always o there.

Do you know why I go there? Beause I am very selfish. I go there ecause Miss May Ferguson lives here. I go there to see her, for she has een bedridden for 51 years, in her ttle room in her little home in Belvi-ere. She is always in a front seat in his Church service, she is listening ow, and she will never know what she as brought to me. I wish those of you vho complain about life, and those of ou who are constantly bickering about ife, those of you who have your health, noney and strength, I wish you could ee her! A face wreathed in a beatific mile, the rarest soul I have ever nown, my most faithful and ardent adio listener. God bless her, she has rought more to my life than any other adio experience.

And I have just time for one climac-ic experience. The question was, "Doc-or Bradley, what sermon did you reach during the years that you have een on the radio that you think elped the most people and has been eceived most effectively?" I think there was such a sermon, not a great sermon, none of them are great, you could hardly call them sermons. My sermons have been known to be eternal, but not one of them yet has ever been immortal. But it was a sermon which I preached that I have perfect and unassailable proof actually saved the lives of seven people from suicide. seven lives into the book—It was during the depression when things were going badly for us all, when people were jumping out of fourteen-story windows, and when we were seeing the magnificent beauty and patience of the poor; it was during that time, and probably nothing that I have said during all these years has meant so much. Do you remember that sermon? Well, I closed with a sentence that comes up to me repeatedly many, many times, almost every day, for strangers will take my hand on the street, people who have now grown into maturity, who were then young, all classes of people, and they say to me, "Doctor Bradley, I shall never forget what one sentence did for me," I close today with it: *"WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF YOUR ROPE, TIE A KNOT IN IT, AND HANG ON!"*

PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR

December 6th and 7th

35 Days Left

Are you ready? Have you made or bought the articles you intend to donate to the Peoples Church Bazaar? You know you always donate something, so why not get it ready? We invite you now to do what we know you will do before December 6th or 7th—DONATE TO THE ANNUAL BAZAAR!

The Liberalist

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PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editc
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editc
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manage

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EDITORIAL

"POWER" is a word much used these days—the power of labor, the power of capital, the power of nations, the power of certain individuals, power politics, the power of atomic bombs,—yes, we all have the word on our lips. I believe in power and so do you. But the incomparable tragedy is the misuse of power. For power, when it is misused, can construct barriers of such impregnable character that it seems as though nothing can break them down. When those who have developed a sense of futility and incompetency come in contact with personalities who have achieved power, the contrast only weakens their own position rather than helps it. More people are failures because they admit it than because they are failures in reality.

One doesn't suddenly become a strong person or a powerful person, or a wise person, neither do nations suddenly overnight find it possible to solve their problems. It's the long pull that does the job, but we are hasty and impatient and we think that every problem and difficulty ought to disappear in an hour. It simply doesn't work that way, either with you or me as individuals, or with the peoples of th world as nations. Power is not som thing which miraculously appears suc denly. It comes only as the result the long processes of development, an then when it does arrive, to misuse or to divert it from the good ends fo which it was designed is to destroy wholly and utterly. When I think the possibilities of this life, of the op portunities for its victories and th assurance of its triumphs, I am ove whelmed at the indifference of so man people toward it. Their pessimism their refusal to listen to the good thing of life, their lack of interest in the ar and sciences and good literature, t ward uplifting fellowship, all thes create an environment for a sense defeatism, of unwarranted anxiety, an result in the abandonment of the effo to make men and nations instrumen and agencies for the administration power at its highest and its best.

The tragedies of the world are no tragedies of the use of power. The are tragedies of its non-use and i misuse. Have you not seen the traged of strong men and capable women, s cure and fortified people, throwin

away their opportunities for good by a misuse of their power? History has more than one example, and these last few years have created several that will live in history with ignominy and shame — people who possessed the genius for inspiring people, for creating mass loyalty, for dramatizing the ideals of a nation or race, and then misused all this power for purposes of selfishness and greed and the propagation of hate, finally to end by being publicly ridiculed and mauled and spat upon in the streets of their own cities. When a man with great ability and great power attempts to divert his capabilities to the propagation of hate and selfishness, his power always is destroyed as well. For power properly used and wisely administered is necessary and beautiful, but power selfishly exploited, used for personal gratification and advantage is a menace to the individual possessing it and to the society of which he is a part.

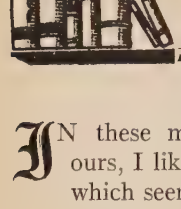
In two awful minutes, when man first applied his knowledge of separating an atom and using it so that the separated atom would, in turn, destroy every other atom within the area of its influence, those two minutes changed the whole future of the world. In just two minutes we were compelled to rethink our whole problem of military tactics, of international relations, of national responsibility. Two awful minutes which changed completely and finally the destiny of the race. To have the secret of that power is the greatest opportunity and the greatest privilege that has ever come to a nation or nations, and with history's example before us, let us weigh so well and consider so carefully that power, that we shall not misuse history's greatest moment—the moment when we shall use that power—but shall use it only for the good of the people of the world and not for the world's destruction.

If America ever had a rendezvous with destiny, she has that rendezvous now. The same laws and principles of power which apply to the development of the individual, and the part which power plays in the life of the individual for making that individual something fine and good are the same principles now which must be utilized by nations. This transcends the personalities of foreign ministers; it is more than presidents or commissars or kings; it is bigger than one racial group; it belongs to humanity and to all the world. This is history's greatest hour because it is history's finest opportunity.

—P.B.

The world is full of people who have eyes and ears, yet do not see or hear. I would rather be blind and deaf than be one of these. The will to do and the power to think is the life of life.

HELEN KELLER



BOOK CHATS

IN these monthly book chats of ours, I like to choose those books which seem to me to be of practical value—books which make some contribution to the living of life more creatively and constructively and triumphantly. I do not choose books merely for literary excellency, for many books have been written which, from a literary point of view, have great charm and distinction but whose themes and materials are not consonant with the writing ability of the authors, and are about themes and subjects which are not worth writing about. I attempt to choose only books which will contribute to a finer appreciation and living of life in this challenging moment.

The first book I am going to call to your attention in this book chat has a title that might be called a command, but it is a positive, creative command. It is a book called "Don't Be Afraid!" written by Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, and published by Wilcox & Follett Company. I was attracted to this book immediately because it deals with a subject in which I have long been interested, and about which I wrote a book myself, a book which I called "Mastering Fear." I have tried to read everything I could find upon this subject, and not until I found this book, "Don't Be Afraid," did I discover that there was a book which contained practical and scientific suggestions and plans for all who were dominated by any sort of a fear complex. When a man of such unquestioned literary reputation as Maurice Maeterlinck will write the foreword for a book, that, in itself, is evidence that the book must possess unusual merit, for no one ever writes a foreword of a book for the author without knowing intimately and exhaustively what the book has to say. The mere fact that Mr. Maeterlinck has written this foreword gives an authenticity to the book. There are other names which I can give, which also attest the quality of this book and lift it out from the usual quasi psychological volumes on the same subject, which have frequently been written by men who, by training, experience and understanding are not competent to treat such a delicate and difficult subject. Professor John Dewey said of this book: "From the philosophical and psychological point of view I am greatly impressed with the way in which your account connects Body-Mind. Your work appeals to me as a practical demonstration of the truth of their intimate connection, which I have long held on theoretical grounds. I anticipate a great and useful career for your book. I hope it will find its way into general use in educational institutions. It should be part of the required course of all teachers in training."

Before I say more about the book itself, I must tell you that the author, Dr. Cowles, is Director of the Park Avenue Hospital, in New York City—a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and also a Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences. No one can become a Fellow in these distinguished associations without possessing certain very definite and high qualifications. Mr. Arthur Kroch, the distinguished correspondent of the New York Times, the funeral service for whose father I conducted, has said of this book: "The

title of this book has been the motto of Dr. Cowles throughout his life, and it is the heritage he will leave to all capable of possessing it. Courage to question, to deny, to explore, to meet and conquer adversity—this is his outstanding quality as a physician who has helped very many." We are all familiar with the life and career of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, and I am going to tell you what Judge Lindsey said about this book: "I earnestly urge educators, social workers, business and professional men and women, indeed people in all walks of life to read it. A great contribution toward understanding and solving the grave problems of human behavior." And here is what a great churchman and editor says, Dr. Guy Emery Shipler, who is editor of the well-known magazine "The Churchman": "Millions of those in the United States who are victims of fear will be astounded and cheered by reading this book. Dr. Cowles deserves widespread gratitude from sufferers from fear—as well as the gratitude of their friends, families, clergymen and social workers—for giving to the public this record of achievement." And I find that Bishop James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington, wrote Dr. Cowles: "I am confident that this splendid work from your gifted pen may do much to aid the burdens and afflictions of those who are victims of fear, and I trust it may have a wide circulation." And I think I shall give you one more expression from a well-known man, the novelist, Rex Beach, who, after reading the book, said: "For the vast army of sick and despairing people who are held prisoner by Fear, it offers an escape, and it opens to them the prospect of enjoying lives of comfort and usefulness. Many of them will doubtless consider this the most important book ever written."

The manner in which Dr. Cowles treats the problem is suggested by the chapter headings. There are fourteen such headings, and here are some of them: a chapter on "One in Every Family"; another, "How the Feelings Arise"; and again, "Measuring Nerve-Cell Energy," and a chapter which I thought was one of the most valuable and the most interesting of all was, "Fatigue—The Basis of Fear," after which Chapter 5 follows, on "A Cure For Fear"; and then a very interesting chapter on "The Psychology of Fear"; another on "You Can Have Mental Freedom"; and another on "Mental Health is a National Problem"; and then a chapter which is right up to the moment, and which is one that thousands of us must be interested in now, called "You and Your Soldier," which is the final chapter in the book. Dr. Cowles begins where all truly scientific people begin, at the beginning, and step by step takes us through the whole gamut of the problem, a problem with such ramifications that most of us who have never given it too much thought haven't the remotest idea of what could be done to prevent much that happens physically, mentally and spiritually to people, and how to overcome the difficulties and situations after they have fastened themselves upon us. There are many kinds of fear, of course, but to begin the problem, the division is made into two separate kinds of fear: there are the normal fears, such for instance, as anyone experiences when he sees an auto bearing down on him. Under the impetus of such a normal fear you sprint for safety, and standing clear of the car, watch it pass, while your fear gradually subsides into a state of thankfulness that you have escaped the wheels. But there are also pathological fears and these are the fears that are discussed and analyzed, and a method for overcoming them, clearly and effectively outlined. Normal fears help to

maintain and prolong life by teaching us caution. Pathological fears are a form of disease. Though they seldom destroy life, they kill all the pleasure one can have in being alive. As one woman expressed her state of pathological fear, "I hate to see the night coming, it is so big and ominous. Then when morning comes I am still more afraid, because the day means meeting people and having to do things." Most of us hover in the "no-man's-land" that borders on fear, feeling insecure at various times with certain groups of people, feeling pessimistic about the future, even though our bank accounts may be safe and satisfactory; feeling irritable and restless, dissatisfied with ourselves, our work and our surroundings; feeling that in some mysterious way life has failed us and is not worth living. This state of mind is produced by fear, fear which Dr. Cowles says, is a disease, but one which is curable, and it is the purpose of this book to show how this can be done; and there is many a reader who will be grateful to me for bringing the book "Don't Be Afraid," by Edward Spencer Cowles, M.D., to your attention.

* * *

The next book I am going to mention is far removed from the subject of war or international relations, the problems of peace, or any of the many aspects of world affairs. Quite the contrary. I have chosen the book "How Man Made Music," written by Fannie R. Buchanan, who is the author of "Magic Music," and formerly the Music Specialist on the RCA Victor Staff. The book is published by Wilcox & Follett Company of Chicago. Music has a strange power and a brave history. It has made its home in palace and in cabin. It has marched with soldier and with slave. It has sailed the high seas with pirate and with Pilgrim Father. A jungle tribesman drums out a ceremonial rhythm. A Roman soldier trumpets a martial air. A mother croons a soothing lullaby. As far back as we can turn the pages of history man has expressed his life and time in song. But how did man begin to make music? The first music was probably a song. To make the song more effective man began to make instruments. The Greek used the lyre to accompany his poems; the Roman added the trumpet for his martial airs, and, as the great masters composed greater music, there arose a need for more perfect instruments. In fact, some of the masters composed music of such a delicate and intricate structure that there were no instruments at the time available, and it was not until later, through invention born out of necessity, that the instruments evolved which were sufficient mediums to transmit the whole creative genius and soul of the composer.

This book is really the presentation of the history of music; but it is more than that, for it is the fascinating story of the evolution of musical instruments. We all know the oft given quotation: "A man who hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," and it is one of the rarest of individuals who does not enjoy and appreciate and love to hear some kind of music. Music is the universal language spoken in all ages and in all climes; a great unifying inspiration, which unites mankind. Many of us who attend the symphony concerts and who are inspired and elevated into heights of inexpressible ecstasy by the integration of sixty or seventy or a hundred individuals into one great orchestral unity, little realize what has gone into the making of the instruments which are used. I am certain that each of us would have a finer appreciation if we knew the story of the evolution and development of musical instruments. It is as romantic as any achievement

of man. A book of this character has been long overdue, particularly when presented with such artistry and simplicity as to make it delightful reading for people of every age group. It is a biography of Dan Emmett, the composer of "Dixie," of Stradivarius, whose name is synonimous with probably the most perfect violins ever made; of the bards and troubadours; of cloistered monks; all presented with such sympathetic appreciation and intellectual appraisal as to enhance our appreciation of music, because we understand better what has been accomplished down through the ages. It is the story of opera and oratorio, of symphony and the ever popular march. The book is definitely one for the layman, although the artist and musician I am sure would find many things in it of great value, but to those of us who make no pretense of playing any musical instrument or of singing, but who, in the very depths of our souls know the delight and inspiration which comes from music, it opens up a new sphere of appreciation and understanding.

"How Man Made Music" is the colorful story of the writing of music and its great masters; its playing and its players. And then, after doing all this, it has the added charm of including the words and music of thirty-seven of the world's best-loved songs, together with the stories concerning the composers and authors. For example, take one of America's best loved songs, "Old Folks At Home," by Stephen Foster. Even though I have visited "My Old Kentucky Home," for it is only a short trip from Louisville out a winding pike, to the friendly old brick mansion surrounded by broad lawns and stately trees which are now owned by the State of Kentucky and a memorial for Stephen Collins Foster, I did not realize how my appreciation and love of this old song could be deepened by knowing more of Stephen Foster and the story of "My Old Kentucky Home." When you visit this beautiful shrine, you are shown the room which was Foster's when he visited the plantation. A window near the old four-poster bed overlooks waving corn-tops and meadows in bloom. It also gives a glimpse of the old slave quarters where the children played on the little cabin floors. Beyond the lawn, through arching boughs, may be seen the old family burying ground and under creeping ivy is the grassy mound over the grave of Foster's Uncle, the old "Massa" of another of his famous songs. Down by the ruins of the old spring house visitors might see a bent old negro basking in the sunshine, looking like a second "Old Black Joe," ready for the tuneful cadence "I'm coming," and up a winding gravel driveway, two young fellows might come, gaily strumming a banjo to the lively music of "Oh, Suzanna." Although a northern man, Foster found the inspiration for his best songs during his visits to the south, for he seemed to carry with him a constant memory of the humble slave folk whom he immortalized in his songs. "Old Folks at Home" was written in Pittsburgh, and Foster never saw the Swanee River which he made so famous. The story about it is, that one day he asked his brother to give him a two syllable name of a Southern river. The brother suggested Yazoo, but Foster wanted a more musical name. A map of the south showed the Swanee River. That name just suited the meter of Foster's song, and so the little, obscure stream became one of the most noted rivers of America. Although Stephen Foster was the most famous musician America had produced up to his time, and though his songs sold by the hundreds of thousands, Foster himself realized very little from their sale. As has happened so often before, with

men of genius, and artistic creativeness, he soon found himself in poverty, his heart broken with discouragement, and he died in actual want. His songs are often called folk songs, but perhaps in the literal meaning of the folk song they could not be so classified. But they are like true folk songs in one respect. Their simplicity and sincerity give them a character which will make them last through the ages. They are easily learned and long remembered. Probably the most widely known American song, although it could not be properly called a folk song, is the familiar and much loved "Old Folks At Home." They sing it around the world and it has been translated into almost every tongue, but of course is always identified with this America of ours and with Stephen Foster. I feel sure that those of you who love music —and who does not?—will be grateful that I have brought to your attention this lovely and delightful book.

* * *

The final book which I bring to your attention in this intimate chat is entitled "The Theory and Practice of Earning A Living." The shorter title, "Earning a Living," will probably be more easily remembered. The author is John F. Wharton, and the publisher Simon & Schuster. Here is a book of such timely importance that I cannot over-emphasis its value. Mr. Wharton, the author, has told us why he wrote this book in these words: "If you were ever seized with the desire to become a yachting champion, you would of course strive to become expert at handling a boat. Your expertness would, however, avail you little if you never bothered to learn the rules of yacht racing. The same factors apply to success in life. You may become an expert at any particular trade or calling but if you never learn the rules which society makes to cover the production and distribution of all wealth, it will be pure luck if you happen to achieve a successful career. At the present time millions of people are looking forward to earning their living in a peacetime society. There is hardly a family in America without at least one member who must re-shape his or her career, after more than three years of a total war economy. The problem is particularly acute for those families with returning servicemen or women, for they have had neither the time nor the opportunity to acquire either expertness or knowledge of the rules. Expertness comes primarily from actual practice. The rules of society can also be learned, usually solely by personal experience, but, like all rules, they can be learned—and often more rapidly—by studying them. The objective of this book is to give the reader a quick understanding of the basic rules which will affect his chances of personal success. Insofar as it succeeds, it will speed the process of his adjustment to the moral, political and economic set-up which is peacetime America."

This book is unusually valuable for people concerned with their own future, and who is there of us who ought not to be concerned about his tomorrow? The person who does not anticipate as best he is able, the possibilities and emergencies of the future is a person who is not alert to one of the most necessary principles of successful living. For young people, it is fundamentally necessary to realize the importance of this truth. The book is written with such simplicity that it is easily understood by all, and yet presents the problem so basically that it will command the respect of those more highly trained in the technical aspect of our economic, industrial, governmental, political problems. Every year, as Mr. Wharton tells us, countless young Americans step into the adult world

and begin to earn their own living. Normally most of them will come directly from our schools and millions will come directly from military service. All of them will enter a society strained and disrupted by the impact of the war years. At the same time, many other men and women will be considering what position the future holds for them. This book is written in the hope that it will assist some of this group to make a satisfactory transition to the problems of earning a living in the kind of a world in which we now find ourselves; and whether you believe that the postwar world will be very different from or very similar to the world of the 1930's, of one thing we can all be sure: men and women will have to work to produce wealth, and the society in which they live will have to make the rules to cover the production and distribution of that wealth. The objective sought by the rules will be determined by the moral, political and social beliefs of the dominant majority of the people. The chances of obtaining those objectives will depend largely on whether the people understand basic principles well enough to permit intelligent application of these principles. For people do not earn their living in a vacuum. They earn it in the midst of a society where spiritual, political, social and economic desires are continually in conflict and hence acting and re-acting on each other. People who try to make rules to reconcile these conflicts without sufficient knowledge of the underlying facts are like mariners trying to chart a course without the ability to read a map.

The book is divided into three parts. The first is a discussion of the basic methods customarily used to acquire true wealth. The second part is the application of these methods in the modern world. And the third, and very important it is, is the effect of the struggle for power on the problems of the individual. These three sentences from the last paragraph of the book will indicate its whole thesis: "One important part of any such system is the opportunity to all to earn a living, for until that opportunity is assured, no man can give full expression to his generosity, kindness, courage and love. To the extent that the American system can truly provide greater and greater opportunities for all, to just that extent will it be easier to develop the qualities in men and women which will produce improvement rather than retrogression in a system. In the large, this is the problem which the generation now about to embark on their own careers will have to solve." And I am convinced that "The Theory and Practice of Earning a Living," by John F. Wharton, is a book which we all should be reading, and one which I am sure you will be grateful to me for bringing to your attention.

P.B.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

AUTUMN has turned the corner! This morning I walked our little dog in the park, enjoying as much as he kicking through the fallen leaves covering the grass like a carpet of tarnished gold. The air was very warm and still—there was no wind whatever; thin gray clouds veiled the sky—the sun almost shining through. Said I to my little dog, "We will not be walking through crisp, dry leaves much more this year, Boy, we will soon have to keep to the path." And now somewhat later in the day the change has come. A drenching, chilly rain is beating sharply against the window panes. The delightful, balmy days of the past two weeks, with air soft as summer, sun slanting warmly through the enchanting haze of true October tradition, and lemon colored leaves and brown, fluttering like spangles, still clinging to the boughs, soon to follow those already tossed over the ground, have alas, I fear, taken their curtain call! The scene has changed—the stage is set for gray skies, cold winds, rain and fog and frost! No longer gentle autumn—it is fall, with winter just ahead! Ah—what was it the poet said? "If Winter comes, can spring be far away?" Isn't that the most cheering, most inspiring, hopeful and warming thought one can foster and cling to right now? I believe it might do us a lot of good to repeat that line of Shelley's when our sky is overcast and the grayness seems to be coming in upon us, be it trouble, worry, sorrow or weather—may there not be something to look forward to? Something ahead that will bring sunshine again into our life?

Certain it is that all our boys still in Europe or the Pacific are anticipating the joy of coming home! It is the thought uppermost in their minds and expressed in every letter we receive from them since the war's end. For the families of the boys and for the boys themselves who get home for our national celebration of Thanksgiving, what a great Thanksgiving Day it will be! People here at home do not seem to realize how much—how very much—the United States has to be thankful for. The boys will be able to tell them!

* * *

Now let us see what the Mail Bag has for us. An editor of a Blue Island newspaper wrote an expression of appreciation extending through the years since his school days. He writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—You never fail to inspire me and give me new courage. It has now been perhaps 25 years since the first time I heard you speak when I was a high school student at West DesMoines High School. Your theme, 'Life Was Made for Victory, Never Defeat,' may never have spurred me to much monetary success (not as long as I keep plugging along as a newspaper writer) but it has given me comfort and inspiration throughout the years, renewed by listening to your addresses and sermons via radio mostly.

"We simply MUST get along together in this world of ours. What worries me most is the seeming insistence of so many people that we must

distrust Russia. I would add a third misconception to the two you lectured on. You mentioned 'There will always be wars' and 'History Repeats Itself' and to those I would add the misconception that 'We will have to fight Russia some day.'

"I had one of the greatest shocks of my life when I heard two executives of the General Motors Corporation talking in a club car of a train just before we entered World War Two. They stated that eventually we must join with Germany and England in fighting Russia. Of course world events may have changed the ideas of those boys but there is still too much intolerance and how are we to overcome it?

Yours truly,

Hill Lakin."

* * *

And here is a fine letter from Kenneth Campbell who writes from Yunnanyi, China, dated September 13th:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I'm writing this letter just three days before the opening service of The Peoples Church this fall. The world is again at peace and your church will see many new faces that have been missing during the last two or three years. Hundreds of fellows are beaming with joy in anticipation of leaving for home. Here in China we are busy cleaning up the last remaining bit of work which is necessary before our facility can finally close.

"I find it a special joy indeed to be connected with the Transportation Corps where I can assist the fellows in their initial preparation for the homeward trip. This calls for considerable detail on behalf of those who are leaving. Quite often the orders to leave arrive and in less than an hour the men are on their way. Thousands of men are homeward bound and all signs point to a great Christmas and homecoming all over America. I believe most every fellow, excepting those who will have a temporary stay in Shanghai, will be home or on their way by Christmas.

"To be back again in America will be great! I'm certain that nearly every man in the service will come back more appreciative of his country and the ideals for which it stands. We are coming back determined to preserve the peace we won in war.

"During my overseas duty I have received regularly the Liberalist and have looked forward each month for the inspiration this magazine always brings. If my subscription has not expired I would like to have the future issues sent to my home.

"I am enclosing a small contribution to the church for my offering at the opening service. I am looking forward to the opportunity of being at one of the services this fall.

"My journey home may either be by steamer or air, but whichever it is I am anticipating a joyful trip. With best wishes,

T/4 Kenneth D. Campbell."

* * *

Since Dr. Bradley's return this fall to his church pulpit and his evening broadcasts over WGN, he has received many letters welcoming him back. The following kind expression of appreciation came from the principal of Fox Lake Elementary School, Fox Lake, Illinois:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Wishing you much success and enjoyment in your forthcoming radio series! You may be assured that you have a daily engagement with me at broadcast time whether at the studio, school, or driving. Commentary such as yours is of prime importance to a thinking populace! Welcome home! Very sincerely, William R. Smith."

* * *

And another brief message is from

Ella E. Earle, Chicago, who writes:—"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I'm not one of the radio listeners who do much writing to their favorites on the air, but I do want to say a welcome to you on your return from your vacation. I always tune in on WGN at 6 o'clock, and eagerly await your message which is always most interesting and helpful.

"I hope you had an interesting and beneficial vacation which, I'm sure, you had earned. May God bless you in your service to mankind. Very sincerely, Ella E. Earle."

* * *

When the services of the Peoples Church were first broadcast, way back in 1924, the radio station was WQJ, and Jerry Sullivan was the announcer. Jerry was known far and wide by the way he pronounced Chicago, as though spelled Chi-caw-go, with accent on the caw. He has always remained an admiring and faithful friend. Every fall Dr. Bradley has a "Radio Sunday" in the church, marking the anniversary of broadcasting the services. In the beginning of our Sunday broadcast we were meeting in the Pantheon Theatre, then a new and very fine theatre. It was two years later that we started erecting our church building. Following Radio Sunday this fall Dr. Bradley received the following letter from Jerry Sullivan, which he appreciates very much:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Your profound sincerity and indefatigability have prompted me once more to the written word. You never saw such a happy woman as Mrs. Sullivan a few weeks ago. I walked into her sick room and the first words that greeted me were: 'Who do you think was in to see me today? Dr. Bradley, as busy a man as he is, came to see me!' You really made her very happy, as you do many people in your travels from place to place and in your discourse via radio daily and weekly.

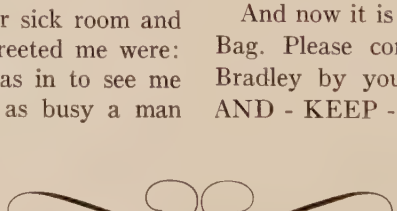
"I was with you on anniversary Sunday (or Radio Sunday) listening, and beside you in spirit! I thought of our first Radio Sunday from the stage of the Pantheon Theatre in 1924, when I stepped up to the microphone and said: 'This is WQJ Chi-caw-go. Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, it is a great pleasure to me and this Radio Station to present to you—Dr. Preston Bradley and The Peoples Church of Chicago.' I look back on that moment as one of the outstanding moments in my life before the public. Without any fear of contradiction I say it was the best one minute in the history of radio and the best introduction I ever made; not the way I did it, because I was scared pink and trembling, but of you and what you stood for and represented. In the past 21 years people everywhere, in all walks of life, of all nationalities, of every creed and belief have heard more truth and of the principle of good, as expounded by the Great Master, in all of your broadcasts, than they have in all other vehicles of presentation combined.

"Thanking you once more for your visit to Mrs. Sullivan (It did her a world of good), I hope to see you soon and have one of our good talks. Sincerely yours, Jerry."

* * *

And now it is time to close the Mail Bag. Please continue to inspire Dr. Bradley by your letters

AND - KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!!



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* * *

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Broadway hit comedy by Alberto Casella
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Opening Night—Friday, November 2nd—Curtain 8:30 p.m.

Performances every Friday and Saturday during November.

* * *

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by John Patrick

* * *

Sunday, November 11th—Auditions for membership in

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* * *

Matinee on Sunday, November 18th, at 3:00 p.m.

ROBERTA SLAGLE.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
Shurman, Frank M.
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Wilkins, E. J.
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PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE Opening Sunday, Nov. 4th..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Opening Nov. 7th.... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium..... 7:30 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall

Monday, Nov. 5th—International Relations Day, Mrs. Thomas Sumner, Chrmn. Speaker, Mr. Tarini Prasad Sinha; subject: "What of India?" Guest artist, Miss Lolita Knitter, Danseuse..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Nov. 19th—Citizenship Day, Miss Ethel Fowler, Chrmn. Speaker, Mrs. Glenn Suthers; subject: "How Much Do You Value Your Freedom?" Guest artist, Esther Nelson Hart, Soprano..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—

Meeting in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, Nov. 5th—Book Review by Florence Bourke Ellis, Chicago's Popular Book Dramatist

Monday, Nov. 19th—Quiz Program, under direction of Mrs. Jane Jones, Mrs. Lillian Paynter..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 4th Mondays of the month.. 8:00 p.m.

November Meeting, Monday, November 26.

USHERS' CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 1st Tuesday of each month 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Nov. 6th, following business meeting, card party for members, their families and friends.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas.

(See Special Schedule, page 22 this issue)

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD—Dr. Bradley's Sunday morning sermon and entire church service broadcast.....11:00 to 12:30

WGN—Every Weekday Evening, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

Book Review on Wednesdays—Question Box on Fridays.

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

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